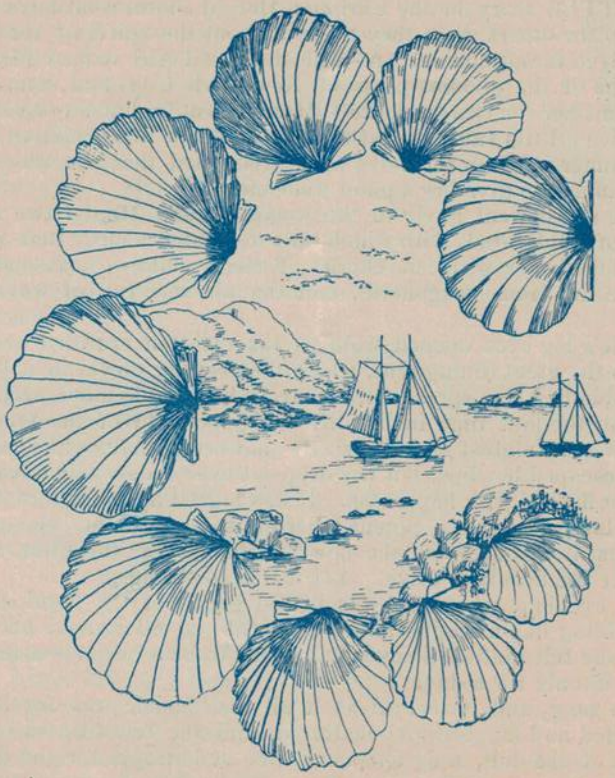
THE LITTLE PILGRIM

"We will go up by the King's highway"

Vol. XXII. SEPTEMBER 19, 1897. No. 38.



Seashells.

GOOD-BY.

THE wave that races up the beach,
The brooklet in the glen,
Sing silver soft their parting song —
"Good-by, little men!
Good-by, darling, dimpled girls!
Study, work, and play;
Come again to visit us
Some happy summer day."

The breeze that rocks the baby birds
In the great maple tree,
Then grows into a mighty wind
And runs away to sea,
Tugs your cloak and sings, "Good-by!
Good-by, little men!
Good-by, darling, dimpled girls!
Be sure to come again."

Out beside the reedy wharf
The skiff rocks on the bay,
And dances with the curling wave
And longs to float away.
And 'tis "Good-by, little men!
Darlings, must you go?
Oh, do not fail to come again
And take me for a row."

— *M. F. Butts.*

HER HAPPY DAY.

A LITTLE story in the Christian Herald shows what boys and girls can do for others when they try to live out the spirit of the Golden Text given in our lesson. A little deformed girl named Maggie lived in one of the poorest parts of New York City, and some kind friends sent her for two weeks to "Mont-Lawn," a home opened two or three years ago to give a little summer rest to just such poor little children in the dreadful heat of summer. When the boys and girls heard that she was coming, they made up their minds to give her a good welcome.

A dozen wee maids went gayly to the woods around Mont-Lawn and gathered great armfuls of golden-rod, with which they decorated a chair that was set apart for the little hunchback girl. A chorus of merry childish voices greeted her as she drove up in the Home wagonette, and the air was full of waving flags and handkerchiefs.

Little Maggie's big eyes opened wide as the children crowded around her and bore her off to the great dining tent, where they set her down, in a bower of wild flowers, to a table that was spread with what, to her simple mind, seemed a queenly feast. And for the first time in her life the poor child of the tenements found herself the center of interest and everybody showering kindness and love upon her.

Not a word escaped her lips, but her deep-set eyes shone with pleasure and her thin, white face flushed with happiness. It was indeed a new experience, — a chapter from fairyland, — and she pinched herself to see whether she was awake or dreaming. Yes, it was all true; the flowers, the voices, the girls, and the nice, hot dinner after the beautiful drive. Yet it was so strange!

And in the evening, when she was placed gently in the floral chair with the golden-rod nodding like a scepter above her head and all around her, and carried to the chapel, she felt that she knew what it was to be a queen — a real, live, true, little queen — if only for a day.

The children sang, and it seemed as if all their music was for her; and they spoke and recited and laughed and chattered, and she felt that she had somehow been lifted out of the dull, sad, tenement life, and dropped right down into the "Land of Happiness," hidden somewhere among the clouds. Could it be true that these were tenement children like herself? Their voices still sounded sweetly in her ears through the mingled prayers that were said at night in the pretty bedchambers, and when her head was at last snugly pillowed, and the snowy coverlet tucked about her by a kind care-taker, she fell asleep to dream of rambles among the flowers and still happier times on the morrow.

LESSON STORY.

PAUL'S ADDRESS TO THE EPHESIAN ELDERS. (Acts 20:22-35.)

PERHAPS you will wonder why I have put this picture on the lesson page. It is because Paul was such a good shepherd. You know that is what the word "pastor" means. God's people are his "sheep," and the little children are the lambs of the flock. So of course the one who takes care of them is the shepherd.

In this talk to the elders Paul tries to tell them in what ways he has done his best to be a good shepherd. He was going to Jerusalem, and he knew that many hardships, and perhaps death itself, lay at the end of the journey, so this last good-by was a very sorrowful one. The elders were leading men in the church at Ephesus, and they loved him so dearly that good-by was a hard word for them too.

A GOOD SHEPHERD.

Paul told them how he had watched over the church and how much it needed care still, and begged them to take example by him and be watchful and tender and faithful. For he said it would not be long before bad men would creep in, like wolves, to hurt and kill these dear sheep, and they must never stop watching to see that no harm was done. The harm they would try to do would be to souls, not bodies, and that is always harder to hinder than the other. Fathers and mothers can keep people from pushing and striking you, but it is not so easy to keep them from hurting your souls with bad words and thoughts. Men who do such things to little children are worse than any wolves that howl in the forest. But the "little lambs" need not spend their time dreading them. Jesus has not left his flock unfolded and untended. All his followers have orders to tend and feed and watch these little ones.

FEED MY SHEEP.

THAT was a narrow street,
Where trod thy blessed feet,
And that a noisy throng
That followed thee along,
And many a one was such
We scarce would deign to touch —
But thou wast pressed upon by the unfolded sheep,
And very close to them thy place didst keep.
"O, if ye love me, feed my sheep!"

That was a toilsome way,
And that a sultry day,
When thou didst, by the well
Of living water, tell
And kindly speak to one,
As if that one alone,
The straying one of all the world had need most deep
And thou no thought but to reclaim thy sheep.
And is it thus Thou sayest to us,
"O, if ye love me, feed my sheep"?

— *Selected.*

BIBLE SHEPHERDS.

A BOY shepherd who became a king. (1 Sam. 16:1, 11–13.)
A king of whom the Lord said, "He is my shepherd." (Is. 44:28.)
Shepherds who heard angels singing. (Luke 2:13, 14.)
A shepherd who became a prophet. (Amos 1:1.)
A great leader who kept sheep "in the back side of the desert." (Ex. 3:1.)
"The great shepherd of the sheep." (Heb. 13:20.)
Men who said to Pharaoh, "Thy servants are shepherds." (Gen. 47:3.)
Wicked shepherds who fed not the flock. (Ezek. 34:2.)

GOLDEN TEXT. — **Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.** — Acts 20:35.

NOT AFRAID OF WIND OR WEATHER!

"Oh, it rains!" said the primary teacher in a troubled voice as she lifted the corner of the curtain. "I am afraid there will not be a girl there!"

But there was — just one! — though it rained like a waterfall. "I'm not sugar nor salt!" she said. "I guess a little rain is n't going to hurt me!"

QUESTIONS.

1. Where was Paul when he made this address?
2. To what church did the elders belong?
3. Why was Paul saying farewell to them?
4. What did he think would happen to him in Jerusalem?
5. What was he sure of everywhere?
6. What did he say that he knew?
7. What did he wish them to remember?
8. What did he command them to do?
9. Who are Christ's sheep?
10. Who are the "lambs of the flock"?
11. What did Paul call those who trouble Christ's Church?
12. What did he say these older Christians ought to do?
13. What words of Jesus did he wish them to remember?

KEY to Lesson Questions. 1. At Miletus. 2. To the church of Ephesus. 3. He was going on to Jerusalem. 4. He did not know. 5. Chains and cruel treatment. 6. That he was never going to see these friends any more. 7. That he had always been a faithful shepherd. 8. Take care of the church, or "flock" of Christ. 9. His followers. 10. Little followers. 11. Wolves. 12. Help the weak. 13. (See Golden Text.)

LITTLE SEEK-FURTHER QUESTIONS.

1. Who calls himself the Good Shepherd? (John x.)
2. What work did the Lord give to Peter? (John xxi.)
3. What was Paul's trade? (Acts xviii.)

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S QUESTIONS.

1. Matt. 5 : 44. 2. Gal. 6 : 2. 3. Matt. 5 : 39–41.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Published weekly by Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society, Boston, Mass. Five or more copies to one address, per year, 20 cents; single copies, per year, 25 cents. Entered at the Post Office in Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter.